Former Prominent Financier and

Succumbs

Richard McCall Cadwalader, prominent for

years in financial circles in Philadelphia,

died early today at his summer home on

the Shippack pike, near Fort Washington,

Pa. Death occurred shortly before 2 o'clock,

Mr. Cadwalader had been ill nearly a year,

At one time Mr. Cadwalader was president

of the Philadelphia Club, and he was promi-

nent in civic and social affairs, being a

member of one of the leading families of

He was one of the principal heirs to the

estate of his brother, John Lambert Cad-

walader, a leading attorney of New York

city, who died March 11, 1914. John Lam-

bert Cadwalader left an estate estimated at

When Charles G. Roebling, of Trentor

head of the Roebling Company, died he left

an estate valued at \$40,000,000 to his two

daughters, Mrs. Richard McCall Cadwalader, Jr., and Mrs. Carrell Sargent Tyson, Jr.

Jr., and Mrs. Carrell Sargent Tyson, Jr., both of this city. Mrs. Cadwalader is a daughter-in-law of Richard McCall Cad-

Mr. Cadwalader's wife was the late Chris-

tine Biddle Cadwa'ader and was related to noted Philadelphia families.

LECTURE AT GLENSIDE

"Bouncing the Blues" Will Be the Subject

at the Community Club

of a lecture tonight by Stanley Le Fevre Krebs at the season's second entertainment

of the Glenside Community Club in th

Church at Glenside, at

Miss M. P. Saunders is chairman of the

Deaths of a Day

Martin F. Leake

ninth street, died Friday night at his home of heart disease.

Mr. Leake was born in Philadelphia in

1856 and at the age of twenty he entered the service of the Philadelphia and Reading Raliway as a clerk, of which railroad he was freight agent at the time of his death.

He was a member of Union Lodge, No

121, F. and A. M.; of Philadelphia and Read ing Relief Association and of Philadelphia and Reading Veterans' Association, and widely known in railroad and financial cir-

cles.

Mr. Leake is survived by his widow. The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Monday from

Mrs. George H. Stuart, Jr.

Mrs. George H. Stuart, Jr. of 923 Clinton street, died Saturday night after an illness of several weeks.

Mrs. Stuart was a daughter of the late Edward S. and Hannah B. Sprague Tobey, of Boston, Mass. She is survived by her husband, one daughter, Mrs. William Kennon Jewett, of Passadena, Cal., and two sons, Clearse H. Struart, 2d and Edward T. Stuart

Jeorge H. Stuart, 3d, and Edward T. Stuart.

Photo by Photocrafters.

MRS. ROBERT S. OBERLEY

Who before her recent marriage was Miss Elise Hepburn

Martin F. Leake, of 1619 North Twenty

"Bouncing the Blues" will be the

resulting from complication of diseases.

his age making his recovery impossible.

Philadelphia

Methodist

committee in charge.

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Dines at the Country Club-She Tells of Party at Ritz-Carlton for Miss Randolph and Mr. Hudson. Germantown Girls Federal Officers

Isn't it fine the dinner-dances have started up again out at the Philadelphia Country Club on Saturday nights? Really, you know, slowly but surely a little of the gay life has begun again since the war. It will take time, of course, and there will be very few who will not do real things as well as have good times, but the things as well as have good times, but the good times are coming closer and closer, and it's a good thing, too, don't you think? "Jack" needs to play now and again, as Nancy has always said. And Nancy likes to play, too, incidentally.

The Clayton Dixons gave a party of twelve on Saturday night. She was Estelle Willoughby, you know, and has been doing splendid Red Cross work during the last two or three years. She and her husband entertained a number of English officers here during the last year.

The Beau Thomsons gave a dinner at the club before the dance and so did the G. Heide Norrises, and the Sidney Masons also entertained.

It was like the good old times dining and dancing on the good old club floor. A wee bird told me they would start up the Saturday dances out at the Philadelphia Cricket Club soon. I wonder-and very much hope they will. They were stopped last year on account of coal shortage.

HANNAH RANDOLPH is to be honor guest at a dinner at the Ritz-Carlton tonight, given by her sister, Dorothy Fell. She's to be married tomorrow afternoon. you know, down at the Charles Penrose Kelth's House, 321 South Fourth street, Dorothy is going to be the matron of honor at the wedding. I think it's going to be extremely interesting. All the ushers with the exception of Emlen Randolph are members of the British embassy at Washington. Bob Hudson is one of the secretaries of the embassy, you know. The little Fell and Stevenson and Devereux kiddles are to be in the bridal party. The Fells and Stevensons are Hannah's nieces and nephews and the small Devereux boy is a nephew of Mrs. Fell, though no relation to the bride herself.

Monsignor Kieren, of St. Patrick's Church, is to perform the ceremony. Monsignor Kieren, by the way, is to celebrate his golden jubilee on December 22. Fifty years! That's some length of time, isn't it? I had an idea that he had married Hannah's mother to Mr. Randolph, but those of that generation tell me it was Archbishop Ryan of happy memory who performed that ceremony. Mrs. Randolph has been dead for many years now. It's going to be a very pretty wedding tomorrow I feel sure, and the quaint old home on Fourth street will certainly add to the artistic effect of the bridal party. There's to be quite a good-sized reception after the wedding.

HAVE you heard about the Philadelphia Food Army? Oh, yes, we have all kinds of armies in this town. It's quite a widespread thing, and out in Germantown Mrs. Ernest Toogood and Mrs. Carl Williams are very much interested in it. A number of girls have been made Federal officersget the Federal, because they have been appointed and everything-and they travel around explaining the bulletins the food administrator publishes, with the newest rules in conservation - like a quarterly style book. You may think all your conservation is over because you can get any amount of sugar and now that you've heard that your soldier was well and happy on the 12th of November; lut you are all wrong. He still has to have food even if he is happy, and if you eat too much he won't have any. hence rules, hence bulletins, hence these feminine Federal officers. The two Brewsters, Grace and Elizabeth, enjoy this title, and Genevieve Dillenbeck and Elizabeth Van Dusen and several others. So if there's anything you don't understand, call on them and they will explain it all to you,

THERE was a smoker out at Manheim on Saturday night, given by the members of the club in honor of the Germantown Cricket Club Military Organization, who appeared in uniform. There were speeches by Mr. E. W. Clark, president of the club; Colonel Sheldon Potter and Captain John Blakely, captain of the "military." The speakers were introduced by Mr. Joseph Wayne. Mr. Wayne, by the way, is the father of some awfully attractive daughters, and Elizabeth, the oldest, is almost a deb. She's a member of the National League, and the uniform is most becoming. I foresee a good time for her, if things ever come back to the old customs and we have debutantes, and teas and dances and such again. But to go back to the smoker-it was quite an affair, and they tell me that every man in Germantown was there. They had "professional talent," too, some of which came out and sang national anthems, dressed as national emblems.

NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

An engagement of interest announced today is that of Miss Betty Gary Burns, daughter of Mrs. James Nelson Burns, of Monticello, Cal., and Captain Lawrance Fox, Coart Artillery Corps, U. S. A., son of Dr. and Mrs. L. Webster Fox, of this city. Captain Fox is brother of Mirs C. Beatrice B. Fox. He graduated from Yale, where he was a mem-ber of the champion rowing team. He and four others of the crew immediately joined the army, and though Mr. Fox was cager to go immediately to France he was sent by Yale out to the Presidio in California, in June, 1917. There he graduated from the June, 1917. There he graduated from the training camp and was made a second lieutenant. He was then sent to Texas to turn the cavalry into artillery. Later he was brought to Fortress Monroe to take a course in intensive artillery. Having graduated with high honors in that course, he was transferred to Fort McArthur, in southern California, with the task of organizing the western coast infantry and cavalry into ar-In the year he rose from second lleutenant to captain and eight weeks ago, with his commission as captain, he received sail for France this month. With orders to sail for France his month. With the rigning of the armistice, however, the plans for salling were changed. Captain Fox met his flancee in California. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O. Mosier, of 6449 Drexel road, Overbrook, announce the en-gagement of their daughter, Miss Adels Mar-guerits Mosier, to Mr. Roscoe Hale Trumbull, son of Mr. Frank Trumbull, of New York.

Major William Abbott Robertson, of Nash-

Miss Julia Rush will entertain in Mrs. Alexander Brinton Coxe's box at the opera tomorrow evening. Her guests will include Mr. and Mrs. George Willing, Jr., Mrs. Wood-ville Bohlen, Mr. Thomas F. Mitten and Mr.

A the dangant will be given at the Philadel phia Cricket Club on Saturday, December 28, for the benefit of French refugees. Among those interested in the affair are Mrs. George Warder, Mrs. William Morice and Mrs. J. B

The first meeting of the children's dancing class of Mrs. Francis Strawbridge and Mrs. Livingston Jones will be held this afternoon in the ball room of the Delmar-Morris, Ger

Mrs. Sheldon Potter, Jr., and her small son, Sheldon Potter, 3d, spent the week-end with Mrs. Potter's mother, Mrs. John Howard Yardley, 1928 Pine street. Mrs. Potter wi be remembered as Miss Margaret Yardley.

Mrs. Rae Dalsimer, of the Maidstone, gave a theatre party on Saturday evening, followed by a supper at the Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schulte and their two daughters, who have been living at 12 South Marion avenue, Ventnor, N. J., for the last year, have moved to 2030 Upland

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Zell have returned from Menauhant. their home, 6313 Drexel road

Mrs. William W. Wimer has leased her home in Wynnewood and is staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frederick Mears, at 1120 South Forty-sixth street. .

Mrs. Edgar A. Snow, 2226 South Broad street, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Edna Frances Snow, to Mr. Herbert Craig, of 5618 Spruce street,

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Brown, of Mobile

Alz., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Claudine Brown, to Mr. Wat-ter Hart Blumenthal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hart Blumenthal, of 1921 North Park ave-

Mr. and Mrs. A. Goodfriend, of 1638 Wolf street, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Belle Goodfriend, to Mr. Maurice Chessler, of Baltimore

Mrs. Randall Howard Roberts, of East Walnut lane, Germantown, anne engagement of her daughter, Miss Helen Geanette Roberts, and Mr. Victor Thomas, also of Germantown.

Mrs. Max Riebenack announces the Mrs. Max Riebenack announces the marriage of her daughter. Miss Eleanor Josephine Riebenack, to Mr. George Long Craig, on Wednesday, December 4, at Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. Craig will be at home at the Drischman Apartments, Atlantic City, after January 1.

WEDDING IN TIOGA TAKES PLACE TONIGHT

Miss Muench Bride of Mr. Clinton Wilgus at Church of Reformation

An interesting wedding to take place this vening will be that of Miss Emille Henrietta daughter of Mr and Mrs. Ludwig Theodore Meunch, of 3732 North Carlisle street, and Mr. Clinton Yonker Wilgus, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wilgus, of Frankford. The ceremony will be performed at 7 o'clock in the Church of the Reformation, Ontario street, west of Broad, by the pastor, the Rev. I. W. Bobst, assisted by the Rev. Dr. John B. Laird, of Frankford.

The bride will wear a gown of white and Chantilly lace with a front panel em-broidered with pearl beads. Her veil of tulle will be caught with orange blessoms. Orchids and white sweetpeas will be carried Miss Emilie M. Rock, the maid of honor, will wear a delft blue frock of georgette crepe and satin and a black velvet hat trin with ostrich plumes to match the gown. Tea-roses will form her bouquet. Miss Dorothy Roberts and the bride's sister, Miss Louise D. Muench, the bridesmalds, will wear georg-ette crepe freeks of peach color, finished with a touch of blue. Their black velvet hats have peach-color estrich tips and their hor quets will combine tea roses and lupinus. The little flower girl, Miss Emma Foos, will wear a white batiste frock with peach-colored

rosettes. Her flower basket will hold tea rosebuds and sprays of lupinus. The best man will be Mr. Wilbur Dunning, and the ushers are Mr. Stuart Stevenson, Mr. Hans Bull, Mr. Thomas Heston Hall and Mr. John Grady, of Boston, Mass. Fol-lowing the service there will be a reception at the home of the bride's parents. The bridegroom and bride will leave on an ex-tended southern trip and will be at home after February 1 at 951 Fillmore street,

WRIGHT-MACK

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Eleanor Mack, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Mack, 1503 North Thirtieth street, to Mr. Ralph A. Wright, of 2345 North Fifteenth street, on Wednesday afternoon December 4 in the Thirteenth Stree Methodist Episcopal Church, Thirteenth and Vine streets, by the pastor, the Rev. Samuel W. Purvis. The bride was attended by Miss Mary Keenan. The ceremony was followed by a dinner at the Adelphia Hotel. Mr. Wright and his bride are spending their honeymoon in Atlantic City and upon their return will be at home at 1503 North Thir-

GIRL SCOUTS PLAN EXHIBITS

Every Phase of Organization's Activity to Be Shown in Kensington

Philadelphia Girl Scouts completed plans Philadelphia Girl Scouts completed plans today for a series of educational exhibits to be held in various places in Kensington, during Christmas week. The various displays will be in the nature of a festival designed to portray every phase of Girl Scout activity, the object being to recruit members for their organization from among schoolgiris.

The project has the approval of Superintendent of Schools Garber, who has informed Mrs. Edith L. Lavell, local director of the Girl Scouts, of his willingness to have Scouts take up the project among pupils in the Kensington schools.

sington schools.

Ten thousand invitations will be sent to

girls in the northeast educational institutions.
Already two schools have signified intention
to visit the various exhibits for the purpose
of learning about Girl Scout work. These
are the Martin School, Kichmond and Ontario streets, where 500 girls are enrolled, and the Cramp School, Howard and Tioga streets, where 750 girls have asked to have Girl Scout work exemplified for them. Thirtyeight schools in the district will be can

vassed.

Arrangements have been made to hold the exhibits in the Kensington branch of the Y. W. C. A., the Lighthouse and in gymnasiums of Kensington churches. Fourteen Scout troops will participate in the drive, which will be under the general direction, of Mins Leona A. Maxim, district commissioner for Kensington, and captain of Troop 11.

BRIDESMAID AND MAID OF HONOR



Head of Philadelphia Club

MISS LOUISA V. NEWLIN Members of the bridal party at the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Kennedy and Mr. John Holland Brownback, which took place on Saturday at the home of Miss Newlin's parents, Major and Mrs. James Caverly Newlin, in Haverford. Miss Newlin gave a dance after the wedding for the members of the bridal

DREAMLAND

ADVENTURES By DADDY

A complete new adventure each week, begin-ning Monday and ending Saturday "BALKY SAM'S DUEL"

(In this adventure Peggy and Billy Belgium again meet Balky Sam, the army mule, and Billy Goat and Johnny Bull, the

CHAPTER I Balky Sam Kicks

"The glad song floated down to Peggy from the church steeple far above her, "Peace! Peace with victory! Peace with safety! Peace with joy and happiness! chant grew louder as out from the steeple there poured an army of pigeons. "Hurrah!" cried Peggy. "The soldier birds are home from war!"

Down swooped the pigeons, lining up be-fore Peggy in military formation. In front of them was a handsome young officer, who

saluted smartly.
"Princess Peggy, we have done our duty and helped to make the world safe for every We thank you for sending us to war, and giving us a share in this noble triumph."

Peggy looked closely, in pleased surprise.
It was Airy Pouter, but not the snobbish, lazy, sneering Airy Pouter she had known of old. This was a snappy, soldiery, likable pigeon of a very different sort.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're back', exclaimed leggy. "But where are Carrie and Homer Peggy. Pigeon?"

"They have remained behind to prevent Balky Sam, the army mule, from starting another war. They want you and Billy Bel gium to hurry over there as fast as you can."
"Goodness gracious! Why does he want
another war, just when every one is so happy

Before Airy Pouter could answer, another bigeon voice cried, "Hurry, hurry!" and Peg-igeon voice cried, "Hurry, hurry!" and Peg-ity looked up into the air to see Bronze Beauty darting toward her. Beside him was Billy Belgium's toy airplane, with Billy him-self, reduced to doll-size, in the pilot's seat. "Come on. Peggy. Here are Golickety Leaves to make you small and invisible,"

shouted Billy.

Presto! Peggy became as small as the pigeons, and hopped into the airplane.

"Europe! Bingen on the Rhine!" shouted Billy, as if giving directions to a chauffeur.
"Whir-r-r-! Whish-sh-sh-sh:" went the
airplane for a dizzy minute. Then it slowed
up. Looking below, Peggy saw a large river.
"We are in Germany. There's the Rhine,

Beside the town was a huge military camp, over which flew the American flag. Straight for this camp headed the airplane. As they approached it, Peggy and Billy could hear a olent racket. Bang! Whack! Thump: latter! Bang! It sounded like a battle. "Has the war broken loose again?" cried

Billy in wonderment.
"It will mighty quick, if Balky Sam isn't headed off," shrilled a voice close at hand—and there were Homer and Carrie Pigeon fly-

ing beside the airpiane.

A bugle call rang out below, and a company of negro soldiers could be seen running toward a long wooden building from which the racket was coming.

"What's doing?" shouted Billy Belgium. "Balky Sam's army of mules has taken possession of the stables," shrilled Homer Pigeon. "The negro troops are attacking them to prevent their beginning a new war on

Germany."
"Oh, oh, the soldiers will kill the mules!" screamed Peggy, horrified at the sight of the weapons in the hands of the negroes—these weapons being glistening pitchforks.
"Wah! Wah! Wah!" shouted the negroes.

"Wah! Wan! Wan!" snouted the negroes, rushing into the stables.

For a moment there was slience. Then bang, bangety-bang, bang! The racket rose louder than ever. Above it sounded screams.

"Oh, the poor mules!" cried Peggy, cover-

ing her ears.

Crash! Out through a window came flying a negro. Crash! Right through a splintered board came another negro. Crash! Dithrough the roof came a third. Then crash, crash, crash, crash, followed a chorus, and with very crash a sprawling negro flew through

window, side or roof.

"Hee! Haw!" roared a familiar voice, and there was Balky Fam leading a troop or prancing, kicking mules, through a hole smashed in the side of the stables. "Hee! Haw!" brayed Filky Sam. "On

"Stop him!" shricked Homer Pigeon. "Stop him before the war begins all over again."

(Tomorrow will be told how Balky Sam advances against the fee.)

Emergency Aid Wool Sale Announced Mrs. John C. Norris, chairman of the service shop of the Emergency Ald, an-nounces a sale of wool this week at the two service shops, 1936. Walnut street and 716 Market street, to assist in keeping the Amer-ican soldiers in France and Germany sup-plied with socks and sweaters.

THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT

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CHAPTER XIX—(Continued) "I AM waiting!"
Clubfoot's voice broke stridently upon

the silence. Should I tell him the truth now? it was three minutes to the hour.

Come! The two addresses!" I would keep faith to the last.

"Herr Doktor!" I faltered.

He dashed the pencil down on the table and sprang to his feet. He caught me by the lapels of my coat and sook me in an iron grip. "The addresses, you dog !" he said.

The clock whirred faintly. There was a knock at the door, "Come in!" roared Clubfoot and resumed

his seat. The clock was chiming twelve. An officer stepped in briskly and saluted

It was Francis! . . Francis, freshly caved, his mustache neatly trimmed, a conocle in his eye, in a beautifully waisted

monocie in his eye, in a beautifully waisted gray military evercoat, one white-gloved hand raised in salute to his helmet.

"Hauptmann von Salmmann!" * * he introduced himself cilcking his heels and bowing to Clubfoot, who glared at him, frowning at the Interruption. He spoke with the clipped, mincing utterance of the typical Prussian officer. "I am looking for lierr Lieutenant Schmalz," he said. "He is not in," answered Clubfoot in a urly voice. "He is out and I am busy

surly voice. "He is out and I am busy

• I do not wish to be disturbed."

"As Schmalz is out." the officer returned snavely, advancing to the desk. "I must trouble you for an instant. I fear. I have trouble you for an instant. been sent over from Goch to inspect the guard here. But I find no guard . . . there is not a man in the place." Clubfoot angrily heaved his unwieldy bulk

com his chair. "Gott im Himmel!" he cried savagely.

"It is incredible that I can never be reace. What the devil has the guard got to do with me? Will you understand that I have nothing to do with the guard! There is a sergeant somewhere • • • curse him for a lazy scoundre! • • I'll ring • • •

He never finished the sentence. As he turned his back on my brother to reach the bell in the wall, Francis sprang on him from behind, seizing his bull neck in an iron grip and driving his knee at the same moment into that yast expanse of back The huge German, taken by surprise

rashed over backward, my brother It was so quickly done that, for the instant

"Quick, Des, the door?" my brother gasped Lock the door!" The big German was roaring like a built and plunging wildly under my brother's fingers, his clubfoot heating a thunderous

tattoo on the parquet floor. In his fall Club was now pinloned to the ground by his great weight. With his free right arm he strove flercely to force off my brother's fin-gers as Francis fought to get a grip on the man's throat and cheke him to silence I darted to the door. The key was on the

inside and I turned it in a trice. As I turned to go to my brother's help my eye caught sight of the butt of my pistol lying where Schmalz had thrown it the evening several millions to his brother and sister, before under my overcoat on the leather Richard Cadwalader and Mrs. Maria Hone. lounge. Sons of Richard Cadwalader also were beneficiaries under the will. The late Mrs. S. Weir Mitchell was a sister of Richard Cadmy brother's side, crushing Clubfoot's right

arm to the ground. I thrust the pistol his face.
"Stop that noise!" I commanded. The German obeyed.

"Better search him, Francis," I said to my brother. "He probably has a Browning on him somewhere."

Francis went through the man's pockets, reaching up and putting each article as it came to light on the desk above him. From an inner breast pocket he extracted the Browning. He glanced at it: the magazine was full with a cartridge in the breech.
"Hadn't we better truss him up?" Francis

eald to me. "No" I said. I was still kneeling on the German's arm. He seemed exhausted. His head had fallen back upon the ground.

"Let me up, curse you!" he choked. "No!" I said again and Francis turned and looked at me. Each of us knew what was in the other's mind, my brother and I. We were think-

ing of a handclasp we had er hanged on the banks of the Rhine. I was about to speak, but Francis checke He was trembling all over. I could

feel his elbow quiver where it touched mine.

"No, Des, please " " " he pleaded, "let
me " " this is my show " "

Then, in a voice that vibrated with suppressed passion, he spoke swiftly to Club-

"Take a good look at me, Grundt," he said sternly. "You don't know me, do you? I am Francis Okewood, brother of the man who has brought you to your fall.

"You don't know me, but you knew some of my friends, I think. Jack Tracy? Do you remember him? And Herbert Arbuthnot? Ah, you knew him, too. And Philip Brewster? You remember him as well, do you? to ask you what happened to poor Philip!" The man on the floor answered nothing, but I saw the color very slowly fade from his

cheeks. My brother spoke again, "There were four of us after that letter, as you knew, Grundt, and three of us are dead. But you never got me. I was the fourth man, the unknown quantity in all your elaborate calculations * * and it seems to me I spoiled your reckoning * * I and this brother of mine * * an amateur at the

game, Grundt!" Still Clubfoot was slient, but I noticed a bead of perspiration tremble on his forehead, then trickle down his ashen cheeks and drop splashing to the floor. Francis continued in the same deep, relent-

"I never thought I should have to soil my

I never tought the world of a man like you. Grundt, but it has come to it and you have to die. I'd have killed you in hot blood when I first came in but for Jack and Herbert and the others • • • for their sake you had to know who is your executioner." My brother raised the pistol. As he did so the man on the floor, by a tremendous effort of strength, rose erect to his knees, flinging me headlong. Then there was a hot of flame close to my cheek as I lay on or, a deafening report, a thud and a

sickening gurgle.
Something twitched a little on the ground

BURTON HOLMES MOTION PICTURES COLORED VIEWS THIS WEEK WITH THE "YANKS" IN FRANCE EYG., 8:15

FRI. 8:15 | With the "YANKS" at, SAT. Mat. THE FRONT 50c, 75c, \$1 at Heppe's; 25c at Academy.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
Metropolitan OPERA EVG. at | Double OPERA CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA Mmss. Ponselle (first appearance), Brasiau, Matt-feid, Mm. Althouse, Laurenti: followed by PAGLIACCI Mme. Easton. Mm. Caruso, Montesanto (first appearance), Laurenti, Paitrinisri. Con., Mr. Moransoni. Beats. 1108 Chestnut St. Walnut 4224; Race 67.

We rose to our feet together, "Des," said my brother unsteadily, "it seems rather like murder."

"No. Francis," I whispered back, "it was

CHAPTER XX Charlemagne's Ride

THE hands of the clock pointed to a quarter past 12. Funny, how my eyes kept coming back to that clock! There was a smell of warm gunpowder in the room, and the autumn sunshine, struggling feebly through the window, caught the blue edges of a little haze of smoke that hung lazily in the air by

the desk in the corner. How close the reom was! And how that clock face seemed to stare at me! I felt very sick.

Lord! What a draft! A gust of icy air was raging in my face. The room was still swaying to and fro.

I was in the front sent of a car beside Francis, who was driving. We were fairly flying along a broad and empty road, the fall poplars with which it was lined scud-ding away into the vanishing landscape as we whizzed by The surface was terrible. we writzed by the surface was terrible, and the car pitched this way and that as we tore along. But Francis had her well in hand. He sat at the wheel, very cool and deliberate and very grave, still in his officer's uniform, and his eyes had a cold glint that told me he was keyed up to top

a turn off to the right down a side road. We seemed to take that corner on two wheels. A thin church spire protruded from the trees in the center of the group of houses which we were approaching so furiously. The village was all but descried; everybody seemed to be indoors at their midday meal, but Francis slowed down and ran along the dirty street at a demure pace. The village passed e jammed down the accelerator and once more the car sprang forward.

The country was flat as a pancake, but presently the fields fell away a bit from the

We slackened speed a fraction to negotiate

road with boulders and patches of gorse here and there. The next moment we were slack-ening speed. We drew up by a rough track which led off the read and vanished into a tangle of stunted trees and scrub growing across the yellow face of a sandpit.

Francis motioned me to get out, and then sprang to the ground himself, leaving the engine throbbing. His face was gray and "Stay here!" he whispered to me. "You've got your pistol? Good. If anybody attempts to interfere with you, shoot

He dashed into the tangle and was swatlowed up. I heard a whistle, and a whistle in answer, and a minute later he appeared again helping Monica through the thick idergrowth.

Monica looked as pretty as a picture in

er dark green shooting suit and her muffler She was as excited as a child at its first 'A car!" she exclaimed, "Oh, Francis, I'll

beside you!"

My brother glanced at his watch, "Twenty to one!" he murmured. He had hunted look on his face. Monica saw it and sobered her. They got up in front, and I sat in the day of the car.
"Hang on to that!" said Francis, handing

me over a leather case. I recognized it at a glance. It was Clubfoot's dispatch-box. Francis was thorough in everything. Once more we dashed out along the desoate country roads. We saw hardly a soul.

Houses were few and far between and, save for an occasional graybeard hoeing in the wet fields or an old woman hobbling along the road, the countryside seemed dead. In the cold air the engine ran splendidly, and Franc's got every ounce of horsepower out of it. On we rushed, the wind in our ears, the cold air in our faces, until we found our-selves racing along an avenue of old trees that led straight as an arrow right into the heart of the forest. It was as silent as the grave; the air was dank and chill and the

We whizzed past many tracks leading into depths of the forest, but it was not until the car had eaten up some five kilometers of the main road that Francis slowed to a halt. He consulted a map he pulled from his ket, then glanced at his watch with puck

ered brow. "I had hoped to take the car into the forest," he said, "but the roads are so soft we shan't get a yard. Still we can but try." We went forward again, very slowly, to where a track ran off to the left. It was badly plowed up, and the ruts were fully a foot deep. Menica and I got out to lighten the car, and Francis ran her in. But he hadn't gone five yards before the car was

bogged up to the axies.
"We'll have to leave it," he said, jumping out. "It's ten minutes to two haven't a second to lose."

He pulled a cloth cap from the pocket of his military overcoat, then stripped off the coat, showing his ordinary clothes underneath, and very shiny black field boots up to his knees. He put his helmet in the overcoat and made a roll of it, tucking it under his arm, and then donned his cap.

"Now," he said, "We'll have to run for it, Monica, I'm afraid: we must reach our cover while the light lasts or I shan't be able to find it, and it will be dark in these woods in about two hours from now. Are you ready?

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)



"THE HELL CAT" CAST INCLUDES

CAST INCLUDES

MILTON SILLS AND THOMAS SANTSCHI
TLA BOHEME Selections—Stanley Orchestra
NEXT WEEK—"UNDER FOUR FLAGS"

PALACE 1214 Market Street
ALL THIS WEEK First Presentation ONE OF THE GREATEST PLAYS "THE ONE WOMAN"

By THOMAS DIXON Author of "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

ELSIE FERGUSON and Eugene O'Brien

IN FIRST PRESENTATION OF

Under the Greenwood Tree

FROM PLAY OF SAME NAME VICTORIA MARKET Above DTH
ALL THIS WEEK
FIRST PRESENTATION
ALL STAR CAST IN "SPORTING LIFE"

FROM DRURY LANE MELODRAMA DIRECTED BY MAURICE TOURNEUR oming-Louis Bennison in "Oh. Johnny REGENT MARKET ST. Pelow 17TH
11ALE HAMILTON
in "\$5000 AN HOUR" MARKET STREET
AT JUNIPER
11 A. M. to 11.P. M.
CONTINUOUS
VAUDEVILLE

VAUDEVILLE "WINNING WINNIE"

CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Below 60TH CLARK & VERDI AND OTHERS

BROADWAY BROAD & SNYDER AVE. NED NORWORTH & CO. Constance Talmadge WHILL'S BOOTS

TALK ON RECONSTRUCTION

Benjamin H. Ludlow to Speak at Oak Land

Tonight At its annual meeting and election tonight, the Oak Lane Park Improvement Association will have a speech on "Thoughts of Recon-

Another feature of the meeting, which will be held at the Reformed Church, Seventh reading by Miss Irene Richmond White of new war poems, with musical accompaniment. This is called "Ladies Night" by the organiza-

FUN FOR BLAUNER FORCE

Workers Give Musical Comedy Tonight for Outing Fund

be the main attraction at the annual entertainment of the Blauner co-workers this

part in the entertainment, which has become a yearly affair. A dance follows the show.

"Keep in Step" has been coached by William Pendleton, general manager of the store, and by Alfred M. Friedenberg, credit manager. The musical numbers, it is said. are especially clever. The proceeds will go to Blauner's Outing Fund.

ADELPHI Evenings at 8:15.
Mais. Thurs. & Sat., 2:15. \$1 Mat. Thursday EYES OF YOUTH WITH ALMA TELL

LYRIC EVENINGS AT 8:15
Mat. Wed., Best Souts \$1
F. RAY COMSTOCK & WM. ELLIOTT Presen



Pop. Mat. Wed. Best Seats \$1.00

SAM S. SHUBERT THEATRE Broad St. Below Loss Mat. Wed. & Sat., Best Seats \$1.50



MON. AFT., Dec. 16, at 3 SEATS TODAY ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY) ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS

SEATS 50c. \$1.00. \$1.50 & \$2. NO HIGHER PHILADELPHIA'S FOREMOST THEATRES

CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents WILLIAM LE BARON'S NEW COMEDY

Back WALLACE EDDINGER

GARRICK-Last 6 Evgs. MATINEES POPULAR \$1.00 MAT. WEDNESDAY

"Who Stole the Hat?" A New Comedy With Music, Written and Staged by JACK MASON PRESENTED BY THE BOYS FROM THE ABERDEEN PROVING GROUND Company of 100, Including "12 Soldier Chorus Girls"—DON'T MISS IT!

FORREST THE SAUCY STAR and GAY MUSIC PLAY או דור

WED. MAT, BEST SEATS \$1.50 OTHERS 50c and \$1.00

ORCHESTRA

A TRIE WOMAN THE GERMANS SHOT Tragedy That Rocked the Civilized World Muts, 25c, 50c (except Sat.). Eves, 25c to Next Week—"WHO'S YOUR FRIENDS!"

RACHEMY OF MUSIC Saturday Afternoon, January 4, at 2:30,

Concert of Music for Piano Tickets, 75c to \$2.00. Box seats, \$2.50, how at Heppe's, Mail orders with checks to G. T. Half promptly filled. Direction C. A. Ellis.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE LUCILLE CAVANAGH Wadsworth, Mel Craig, William FLORENCE ROBERTS & CO.

DANCING Sat. Night

Sat. Night

Private Lessons Daily, 9:30 A. M. to 11 P. M. LADIES' MAT. TODAY

ROSE SYDELL'S LONDON BELLES

GAYETY PAT WHITE'S GAIETY GIRLS

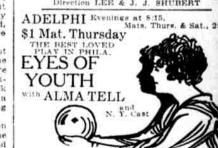
struction," by Benjamin H. Ludlow, fourminute speaker, and former Mask and Wig

star at Penn. street and Sixty-sixth avenue, will be the

A musical comedy, "Keep in Step," will evening at Lu Lu Temple.

Nearly fifty employes of the Blauner establishment, 833-835 Market street, will take

PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING THEATRES
Direction LEE & J. J. SHUBERT



Chestnut St. OPERA HOUSE NIGHTS, 50c. 75c. \$1, \$1.50. Extra Sat. & Holldays



George Copeland THE FAMOUUS

BROAD Tonight 8:30 Matiness Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 POPULAR WED MAT. BEST SEATS \$1.50.

CHARLES CHERRY RUTH SHEPLEY MINNA GOMBEL

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S PENROD

"ONE OF THE CHOICEST OFFERINGS OF NEXT WEEK-SEATS TODAY A ROUSING SOLDIER SHOW!

___ HEELS"

PHILADELPHIA

I.EOPOLD STOKOWSKI. Conductor,
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 13, at 8:00,
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 14, at 8:15,
BEETHOVEN PROGRAM
Soloist: ALFRED CORTOT, Planist,
Overture
Concerto No. 1 for Plano and Orchestra.
Symphony No. 7, in A.
Seats Now on Sale at Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut.

WALNUT STH AND WALNUT Mat. Today, 2:15; Tonight, 8:18.
The Photoplay Sensation of the World

EDITH CAVELL

A Great New Feature Bill. With New American Red Cross Pictures CORTISSOZ

BAKER BLDG.
1520 Chestrat 54.

Walnut at 8th St.

CASINO

Trocadero 10th & Arch The Auto Girls